

To my friend  
Ignace J. Paderewski.

Ye Songes of



Will-Shakspeare



*Newe Sett in  
Musick*  
To Accompaniment of  
ye Spinett or  
Harprichord.

by Reginald de Koven.  
OP. 159

- No1. *IT WAS A LOVER AND HIS LASS.* 7½  
No2. *WHERE THE BEE SUCKS* ..... 5  
No3. *OH MISTRESS MINE* ..... 7½  
No4. *SO SWEET A KISS* ..... 6  
No5. *TELL ME WHERE'S FANCY BRED.* 5

THE JOHN CHURCH COMPANY.  
Cincinnati, Chicago, New York.  
Leipsic, London.



# "O Mistress mine, where are you roaming."

From "Twelfth Night."

SHAKESPEARE.

REGINALD DE KOVEN.

Op. 159, No 3.

All<sup>o</sup> comodo.

*Scherzando.*

O mis-tress mine, where are you roam-ing,

O stay and hear, your true love's com-ing, That can sing both high and

Copyright MCM by The John Church Company. International Copyright.  
Entered according to act of the Parliament of Canada in the year MCM,  
by The John Church Company in the Department of Agriculture.



*leggiero.*

low, \_\_\_\_\_ That can sing, high and low, That can

*leggiero.*

*mf poco ritard.*

sing both high and low. \_\_\_\_\_ Trip no fur-ther, pretty sweeting, Journeys

*p. colla voce.*

*Red.* \*

*cresc.*

end in lov-ers meeting, Ev'ry wise man's son doth know \_\_\_\_\_ Trip no

*cresc.*

*f.*



*giocoso.*

fur - ther, pret - ty sweet-ing, Jour-neys end in lov - ers meet - ing, In

*giocoso.*

lov - ers meet - ing, Ev'- ry wise man's son doth know; Trip no

fur - ther, pret - ty sweet-ing, Jour-neys end in lov - ers meet - ing, End in



lov-ers meet-ing, Ev'ry wise man's son doth know.

*Red. \**

*Red. \**

*Scherzando.*

What is — love? 'tis not — here - af - ter, Pre - sent — mirth hath

pre - sent laugh-ter, What's to come is still un - sure



*leggiero.*

Still un-sure, Still un-sure, What's to come is still un -

*leggiero.*

*poco ritard.*

sure. In de - lay there lies no plen - ty, Then come

*colla voce.*

*Red.* \*

*cresc.*

kiss me, sweet and twenty, Youth's a stuff will not en - dure In de -

*cresc.*

*giocoso.*

lay there lies no plen - ty, Then come kiss me, sweet and twen - ty, Kiss me,

*f giocoso.*



sweet and twen - ty, Youth's a stuff will not en - dure, In de -

lay there lies no plen - ty, Then come kiss me, sweet and twen - ty, Kiss me,

sweet and twenty, Youth's a stuff will not en - dure, not en-dure,

not en - dure, O — youth's a stuff will not en - dure.



De Koven, Henry Louis Reginald